

MR. DOOLEY ON EXPERT TESTIMONY

Pictures by
Gordon Ross

By Finley Peter Dunne



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"HAT'S an expert witness?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"An expert witness," said Mr. Dooley, "is a doctor that thinks a man must be crazy to be rich. That's three iv most iv us, but these doctors don't mean it th' way I do. Their theory is that annything th' rich do that ye want to do an' don't do is looney. As between two men with money, th' wan with most money is craziest. If ye want a diploma fr' sanity, Hinnessy, th' on'y chance ye have iv gettin' it is to commit a crime an' file an inventory iv ye'er estate with th' court. Ye'll get a certy-ficate iv sanity that ye'll be able to show with pride whin ye're let out iv Joliet."

"In th' old days if a man kilt another man he took three jumps fr'm th' scene iv th' disaster to th' north corrydor iv th' County Jail. That still goes fr' th' poor man. No wan has thried to rob him iv th' privilege won fr' him be his ancestors iv bein' quickly an' completely hanged. A photograph iv him is took without a collar, he's yanked before an awful court iv justice, a deaf-mute lawyer is appinted to look after his int'rests an' see that they don't suffer be bein' kept in th' stuffy atmosphere iv th' courtroom, th' State's attorney presents a hand-

some pitcher iv him as a fiend in human form, th' Judge instructs th' jury iv onprejudiced jurors in a hurry to get home that they ar-re th' sole judges iv th' law an' th' fact, th' law bein' that he ought to be hanged an' th' fact bein' that he will be hanged, an' before our proletary frind comes out iv his thrance he's havin' his first thorough fill-up iv ham an' eggs, th' clargy ar-re showin' a wondherful amount iv int'rest in him, an' he's rayceivin' attntion frim the Sheriff that must be surprisin' to a man iv his humble station.

"A few days later I r-read in th' pa-pers in a column called 'Brief News Jottings,' just below a paragraph about th' meetin' iv th' Dairyman's Association, an account iv how justice has pursued her grim course in th' case iv John Adamowski. An' I'm thankful to know that th' law has been avinged, that life an' property again ar-re safe in our fair land iv freedom, an' that th' wretched criminal lived long enough to get all he wanted to eat.

"Justice is all I have," says a poor criminal asks fr, an' that's what he gets. He don't deserve anny better. 'Tis like askin' on'y fr a pair iv doocies in a car-rd game an' havin' to bet them. If I done wrong I'd say: 'Don't deal me anny justice. Keep it fr thim that wants it. Under th' circumstances all I ask is a gr-reat deal iv justice an' much mercy. I do not ask to be acquitted be a jury iv me peers. I am a modest

man an' I'll accept me freedom fr'm th' humblest bailiff in th' land. I do not care to come triumphant out iv this ordeal an' raypoort other larceny cases fr th' news-pa-pers. All I ask is a block's start an' some wan holdin' th' policeman's coat-tails. I waive me right to be thried be an incorruptible, fair, an' onprejudiced Judge. Give me wan that's onfair an' prejudiced an' that ye can slip something to."

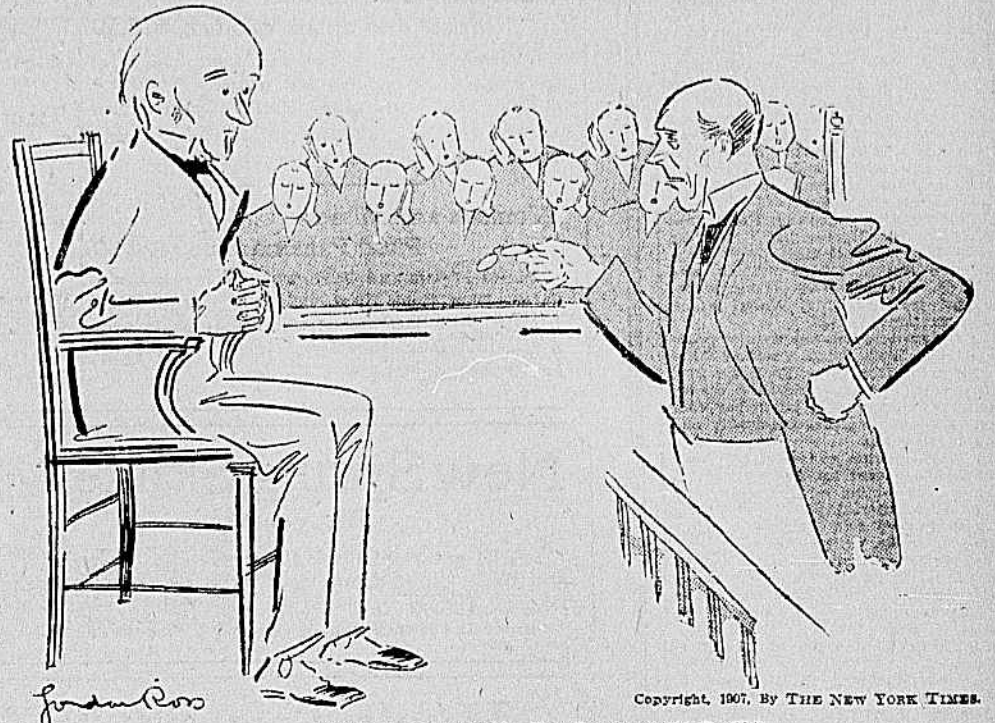
"No, Sir, whin a man's broke an' does something wrong, th' on'y temple iv justice he ought to get into is a freight car goin' West. Don't niver thrust that there tough-lookin' lady with th' sword in her hand an' th' handkerchief over her eyes. She may be blind, though I've seen thrilles where she raised th' bandage an' winked at th' aujence—she may be blind, but 'tis th' fine sinse iv touch she has, an' if ye venture into her lodgins an' she goes through ye'r pockets an' finds on'y th' pawnticket fr th' watch ye stole off Hogan, she locks th' dure, takes off th' handkerchief, an' goes at ye with th' sword.

"But suppose ye have a little iv th' useful with ye. Ye br-reak into Hogan's house some night sufferin' fr'm an incontrollable impulse to take his watch. Don't get mad, now. I'm on'y supposin' all this. Ye wudden't take his watch. He has no watch. Well, he's sound asleep. Ye give him a good crack on th' head so he won't be disturbed an' hook th' clock fr'm under th' pillow. Th' next day ye're arristed. Th' pa-pers comes out with th' news: 'Haughty sign iv wealthy family steals watch fr'm awful Hogan. Full account iv dhreadful career iv th' victim. Unwritten law to be invoked,' an' there's an article to show that anny wan has a right to take Hogan's watch, that he was not a proper man to have th' care iv a watch, annyhow, an' that ye done well to hook it. This is always th' first step to'r securin' cold justice fr th' rich. Ye're next elicted a mimber iv nearly all th' ministers' associations, an' finally, in order that th' law may be enforced without regard to persons, an expert witness is hired fr ye.

"Th' thrille begins. Ye walk in with a quick, nervous stride an' set th' watch be th' court clock. 'Ar-re ye guilty or not guilty?' says th' clerk. 'Guilty an' glad iv it,' says ye'r lawyer amid cheers an' hisses. 'Have ye th' watch with ye?' says th' court. 'I have,' says th' prisoner, smilin' in his peculiar way. 'Lave me look at it,' says th' court. 'I will not,' says the pris'ner, puttin' it back into his pocket. 'How ar-re ye goin' to defend this crook?' says th' Judge. 'We ar-re goin' to prove that at th' time he committed this crime he was insane,' says th' lawyer. 'I object,' says th' State's attorney. 'It is not legal to intrajooce evidence iv insanity till th' proper foundations is established. Th' defince must prove that th' pris'ner has money. How do we know he isn't broke like th' rest iv us?' Th' court—How much money have ye got? The pris'ner—Two million dollars, but I expect more. Th' court—Objection overruled.

"Th' expert is called. 'Doctor, what expeer-yence have ye had among th' head cures?' 'I have been fr forty years in an asylum.' 'As guest or landlord?' 'As both.' 'Now, doctor, I will ask you a question. Supposin' this pris'ner to be a man with a whole lot iv money, an' supposin' he went to this house on th' night in question, an' suppose it was snowin', an' suppose it wasn't, an' suppose he turned fr'm th' right hand corner to th' left goin' upstairs, an' supposin' he wore a plug hat an' a pair iv skates, an' supposin' th' next day was Wednesday—' 'I object,' says th' State's attorney. 'Th' statues, with which me larned frind is no doubt familiar, though I be darned if he shows it, fr'bids th' mention iv th' days iv th' week.' 'Scratch out Winsday an' substichoot four o'clock in Janooary,' says th' court. 'Now, how does th' sentence r-read?' 'Th' next day was four o'clock in Janooary, an' supposin' th' amount iv money, an' supposin' ye haven't got a very large salary holdin' th' chair iv conption fits at th' college, an' supposin' ye don't get a cent unless ye answer r-right, I ask ye, on th' night in question whin th' pris'ner grabbed th' clock was he or was he not funny at th' roof?' 'I object to th' form iv question,' says th' State's attorney. 'In th' eighth sintonce I move to strike out th' wurrud "and" as unconstitutional, unprofessyonal, an' conthry to th' laws iv evidence.' 'My Gawd, has my Clint no rights in this court?' says th' other lawyer. 'Ye bet he has,' says th' court. 'We'll strike out th' wurrud "and" but we'll substichoot th' more proper wurrud "aloofness."'

"Did ye see th' pris'ner after his arrest?" 'I did.' 'Where?' 'In th' pa-pers.' 'What was he doin'?' 'His back was turned.' 'What did that indicate to ye?' 'That he had been sufferin' fr'm a variety iv tomaline excelsis—' 'Greek wurruds,' says th' court. 'Latin an' Greek,' says th' expert. 'Pro-ceed,' says th' court. 'I come to th' conclusion,' says th' expert, 'that th' man, when he hooked th' watch, was sufferin' fr'm a sudden tempest in his head, a sudden explosion as it were, a sudden I don't-know-what-th-divle-it-was, that kind iv wint off in his chimbley, like a storm at sea.' 'Was he in anny way bug before th' crime?' 'Not a bit. He suffered fr'm warts whin a boy, which sometimes leads to bozimbrial hoptocollo-graphophilopluomania, or what th' Germans call tantrums, but me gin'rall con-clusion was that he was perfectly sane all his life till this



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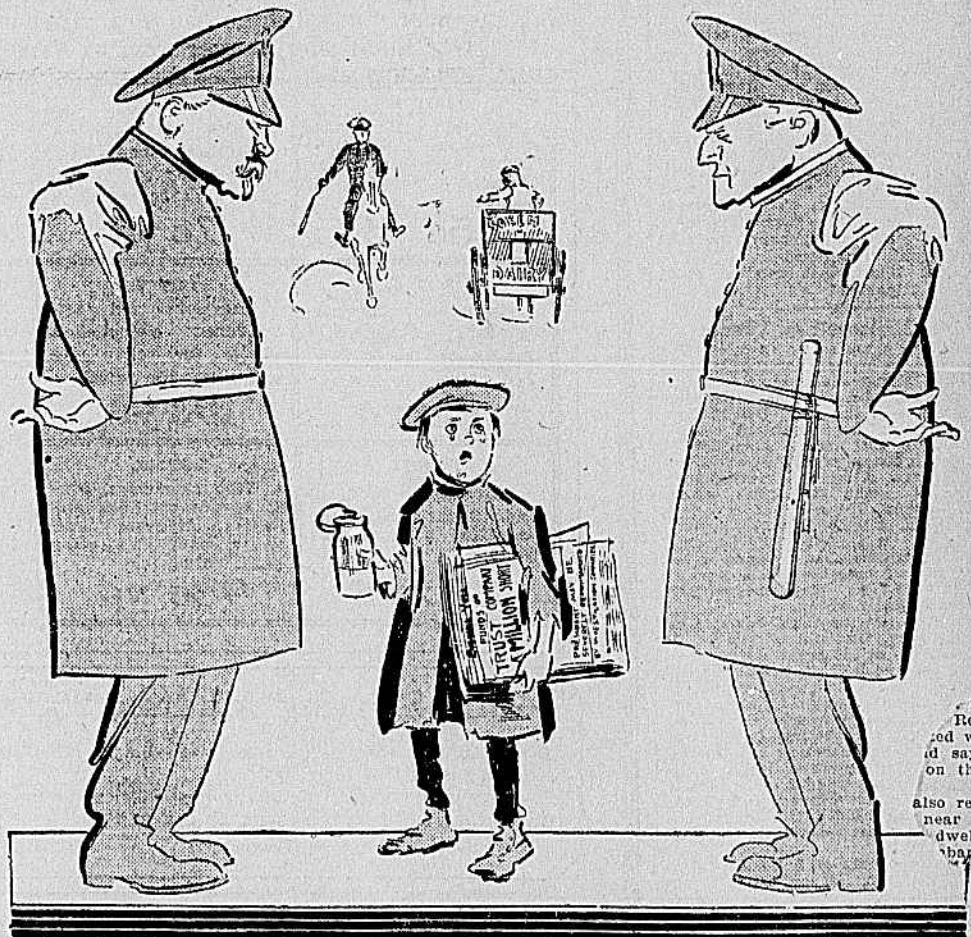
"Was He or Was He Not Funny at th' Roof?"

minnyit, an' that so much sanity wint to his head an' blew th' cover off."

"Has he been sane iver since?" says the lawyer. 'Ye'd better have a care how ye answer that question, me boy,' says th' pris'ner, carelessly jingling th' loose change in his pocket. 'Sane,' says th' expert. 'Well I shud think he was. Why, I can hardly imagine how he stayed feather-headed long enough to take th' villan's joolry. Sane, says ye? I don't mean anny disrespect to th' court or th' bar, but if ye gentlemen had half as much good brains in ye'er head as he has, me distinguished frind, ye'd not be wastin' ye'er time here. There ain't a man

an' if ye don't want a few remarks printed about ye, that'll do ye no good, ye'll let him off.' 'Don't pay any attntion to what she says, Fitzy,' says another lady. 'Her decayed news-pa-aper has no more circulation thin a cucumber. We expect ye to follow th' instructions printed in our vallyable Journal this mornin'.'

"Sir," says a tall man risin' in his place, 'I am th' Riv'rend Thompson Jubb.' 'Not th' notorious shepherd iv that name?' 'Th' same,' says th' Riv'rend Jubb. 'That lowly worker in th' vineyard iv th' Lord who astonished th' wurruld be atin' glass in th' pulpit an' havin' th' Bible tattooed on him. I wish th' privilege iv



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"Justice is All That a Poor Prisoner Asks fr, an' That's What He Gets."

in this country th' akel iv this gr-reat man. Talk about Dan'l Webster, he was an idyut compared with this joynt intellect. No, Sir, he's a fine, thoughtful, able, magnificent specimen iv man an' has been iver since between twelve four an' twelve four-an-a-half on that fatal night. An' a good fellow at that."

"What d'ye propose to do to stand this here testimony off?" says th' Judge. 'I propose,' says th' State's attorney, 'to prove be some rale experts, men who have earned their reputations be testifyin' eight ways fr'm th' jack in a dozen criminal cases, that so far fr'm bein' insane on this partiklar night, this was th' on'y time that he was perfectly sane.' 'Oh, look here, Judge,' says A Lady iv Th' Daily Fluff, 'this here has gone far enough. Th' man's not guilty,

standin' on me head an' playin' "A charge to keep I have" on the accorjeon with me feet. 'Granted,' says th' court. 'I will now charge th' jury as to th' law an' th' fact: I am all mixed up on th' law; th' fact is there's a mob outside waitin' to lynch ye if ye don't do what it wants. Th' court will now adjourn be th' back dure.' 'Where's th' pris'ner?' says th' expert. 'He has gone to address a mother's meetin',' says th' clerk. 'Thin I must be goin' too,' says th' expert. An' there ye ar-re."

"I'm glad that fellow got me off," said Mr. Hennessy. "but thim experts ar-re a bad lot. What's th' difference between that kind iv tisty-mony an' perjury?"

"Ye pay ye'er money an' take ye'er choice," said Mr. Dooley.

The Gentle Cynic.

Dry reading isn't the kind we pore over.

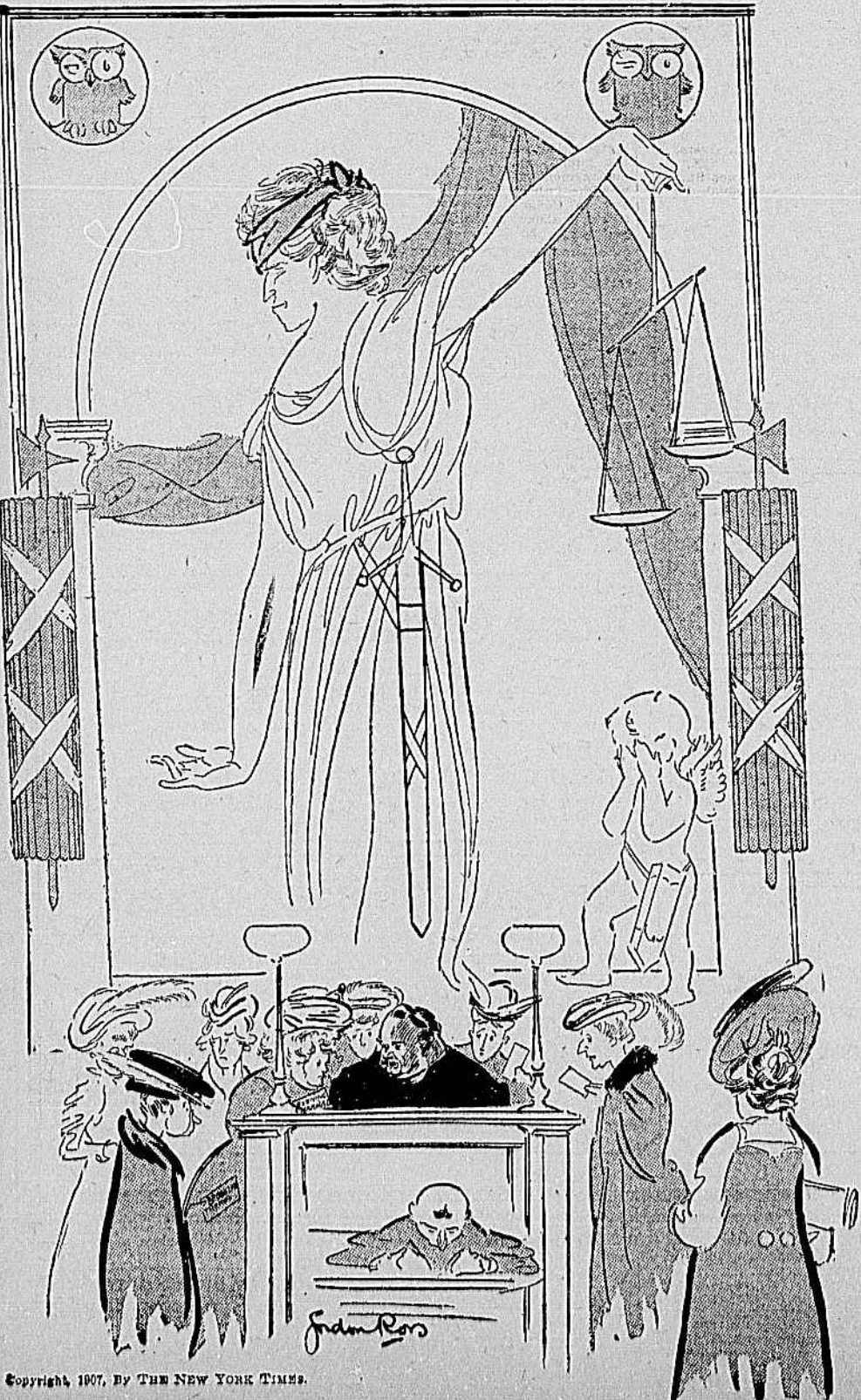
The bonds of matrimony are not always gilded securities.

A man can forgive a woman who wears her heart on her sleeve, but never one who throws her hair over the back of a chair and puts her teeth in a glass of water.

Most men are almost as much afraid of microbes as most women are of mice.

Some fellows seem to think that if anything should happen to them the clocks would all stop.

Perhaps the good die young because they realize there isn't much use in living if they have to be good.



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"She May be Blind, Though I've Seen Thrilles Where She Raised th' Bandage an' Winked at th' Aujence."